

even monster have nightmares

by mirassana

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Summary: #1 - Whenever Kagura dreams, it was composed of food, fighting, sadaharu, dung beetles but sometimes, she sees her old life she had left behind.

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**\_\*\*even monster have nightmares\*\*\_**

**\*\*a/n\*\*:** I do not accept the fact that Umibozu's death flag has been raised and Kagura has suffered too much from her life. And also the idea of Gintama ending soon. It makes me cry ;{

**\*\*disclaimer\*\*:** im not the gorilla.

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**\_chapter 1:\_\_\_\*\* lonely night rabbit \*\*\_**

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**\_(Whenever Kagura dreams, it was composed of food, fighting, sadaharu, dung beetles but sometimes, she sees her old life she had left behind.)\_**

The first week she had settled down in the Yorozuya, she dreams of her frail mother, Kouka, smiling and twists her hair while she tells her the best bedtime stories to lull her to sleep.

Kagura snuggles at her and Mami smiles.

But then, the smile was gone and was replaced by a cough followed by another, again and again and again until red sticky blood spurs out of her lips and droplets falls on the blanket much to Kagura's horror. But Mami tells her it's nothing and pretends that she is alright with a fake smile like Kamui's. (Mami lies, Kagura knew it well).

She firmly tells Kagura to lie down in bed with her (Mami is tired and so is she) and shuts the lamp off for the both of them to sleep.

It was supposed to be a happy moment if weren't for the cold, cold, lifeless body she sleeps beside.

\_(Gintoki woke up that night at her screaming and soothes the terrified girl by giving her his favorite strawberry milk carton and tells the brat to go back to sleep.)\_

\_The next morning, he found Kagura curled up in his futon beside him, sleeping peacefully with a drool. )\_

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It was raining so hard the second time, but it was more of a blurry memory back from her place. She remembers her house (she calls it house, not home because it doesnt exist and it will never be) with Papi standing before her with a big purple umbrella as he pats her head gently. Kamui is there too, his face was shadowed under his hair and seemingly doesn't want to speak with him (he is angry at Papi but she never knows the whole reason)

"I will come back"

Papi says it, bland and toneless, like it was nothing. He looks so tired (so she doesnt ask if she can come too)

She feels the slightest feeling of abandonment in her stomach (and so does Kamui) but she ignores it. Kagura knew it was for her mother's sake, for them. (He had to leave or else they won't be eating three meals a day and Mami will never get better, she convinces herself)

She bits her lip and stares longingly at her father's retreating figure, silently praying, hoping, that he changes his mind and doesn't leave them.

But he doesn't and none of it happened.

He never even look back, at her, at them, and it hurts like a million needles had struck at her heart. It hurts even more when she looks at her brother's sad face that makes her want to cry.

Papi never mentions when he'll be back.

But she waits.

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The smell of the rain is still embed in her mind along with red substance that covered Kamui's hands when he ripped off two or four Yato's (she lost count of them) that tried to hurt her. He had been fighting and beating up bullies in the dark alleys and always come home with bandages on his arms. (He always hides his injuries from Mami behind his back with a fake stupid smile)

She is not sure how long he has been at it. But this time, this is too much. Kagura knows better that her brother is a fighter, the one that protects her and Mami safe while Papi is gone.

But her brother had never gone down on killing up people or ripping their organs apart for enjoyment. He never had dark glint on his blue irises (it shrunk so slow that it became barely visible from the field of her vision) and the twisted malicious wide grin that tells death before, but not until right now.

"Kamui"

Kagura calls his name, voice cracks and falters in fear and words are stuck dry down inside her throat. She looks at him, and it reminded her of the look he had when he was battling (killing) Papi (or when he brutally ripped his left arm in front of her and Mami).

He looks like the bad villain on Mami's stories. And it downright scares her to the bone.

"Please stop"

She tells Kamui, over and over, again and again. But he doesn't respond and too absorb on smashing his opponents head under his feet and arms without a slight hesitation or mercy on his movements. Kamui doesn't hear her desperate screams and wails at him or even acknowledges her presence at all. (or maybe she doesn't even exist) She thinks he is too far to reach and she feels helpless.

She falls a few steps backwards and cries for being a useless little sister behind his back.

This wasn't her big brother.

She doesn't know this stranger in front of her.

But she knew one thing.

This is a monster.

\_(Kagura wakes up sweating and goes straight into the bathroom, trying to wash the blood and memories off of her.)\_

\_(But no matter how many times she washed them away, they wouldn't go.)\_

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\_\*\*tbc\*\*\_

**\*\*a/n\*\***: a/n: the angst of the manga made my heart broke while writing this (I even cried). I dont even know if this fic makes sense (this is my second try on practicing fanfics and i'm not fluent in english sorry) but I hope it's good.

End  
file.